10 " year

AUGUST, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

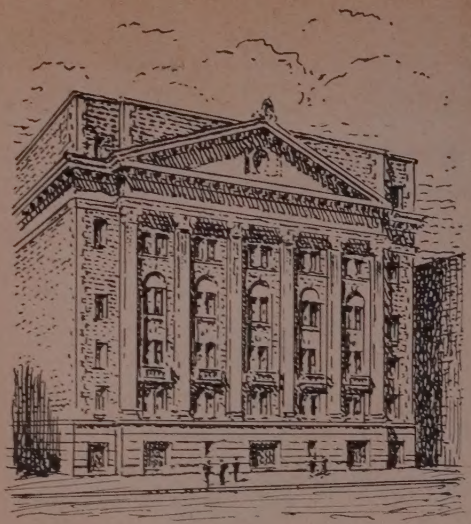
Give Thanks To God

Give thanks to God for all we do,
Or ever hope to gain;
Our present joys and future, too,
Without Him are in vain.

For fallen rain, however light,
For sun or snow or mist;
For rainbow arc of splendor bright,
Or dew with sunrise kissed.

For waving corn o'er fertile soil,
Close by the golden wheat,
Give thanks again and humbly toil—
That all the world may eat.

Mrs. Lucile Davis.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol XXI | August, 1944 | Number 5

Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

WJJD—Chicago, Ill.—Every Sunday—11:00 a.m.

WLS—Chicago, Ill.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

WHO—Des Moines, Iowa—5:30 p.m.—Monday through Friday

KSD—St. Louis, Mo.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KOIL—Omaha, Neb.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KFAB—Lincoln, Neb.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KROC—Rochester, Minn.—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday

KATE—Albert Lea, Minn. { **9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Weds., Thurs.**
5:30 p.m.—Sunday

KYSM—Mankato, Minn.—8:15 p.m.—Daily

"THE GREATEST NEED OF THE POST-WAR WORLD"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

"BY EVERY indication which is visible and available to our considerations, it is but uttering that which is commonly accepted, to say that unquestionably the world stands upon the threshold of its most dramatic and its most important hour. This sobering thought makes those of us who have the responsibility of the radio, of writing, of lecturing, of preaching, and meeting people, unusually sensitive to our responsibility. In keeping with this I have an announcement which I am going to make next Sunday concerning the participation of this Church and its pastor in the great moments which are ahead of us all. So I hope that you will plan to attend the service next Sunday morning, and I hope our radio friends will all be listening because it involves an action for the future which I think will be of great interest to you all, as it is definitely to me.

(Dr. Bradley here referred to the opening of the church at the moment when the invasion should be announced, and also on the announcement of victory.) Man has never accepted willingly nor universally the idea of progress. The idea of advancement, development, progress, has always been an idea that has had to face certain fundamental resistances on the part of man. In the early days of the beginnings of civilization, man's universe was circumscribed by such limitations of ignorance and all of the wide varieties of barriers that the idea of progression was an idea which man did not comprehend. He was largely, for many, many centuries, stimulated only by the necessity of food, clothing on his back, shelter over his head; and as long as man could eat, could sleep and procreate, man had little concern about whether there was a principle of progression that was an inherent part of the cosmos. Even Plato, acknowledged by all students and thinkers as one of the superior minds of all history, thought that history moved in a circle and that man was the prisoner of a vicious series of repetitious moments, and that no matter what he did, or said, or was, sooner or later he came round again to the same place from whence he started. Plato believed that. While one of the greatest minds in Latin culture and in influence was the mind of Marcus Aurelius, and Marcus Aurelius taught that life was not like a river, flowing constantly on, but that life was like an ocean just rising and falling, rising and falling. But the areas of man's physical universe were constantly being pushed further back by this haunting suspicion that man had, that there was something better for man than anything he knew. Thus Columbus with his dreams opened up another hemisphere and quite unconsciously, by the enlargement of man's physical world, man increased under the imperative of dissatisfaction and discovery until the physical conquest gradually engulfed a globe and there were no more frontiers left, and our present war is being fought on many of the last of these frontiers of man's physical world; areas, the names of which today drive even the best informed to their atlases and their geographies and

heir globes. But from the far off hour until the present, man has been making a physical conquest of his globe. The physical conquest is over; there are now no unknown mountains. From the blue of the sky we have charted the earth. There are no unknown islands any more, the earth has at last been conquered in its physical identity by the prowess, adventuresomeness and heroism of man's quest.

Associated with the enlargement of man's physical universe, came Galileo and Copernicus, and in those primitive animistic moments when man dreamed the earth was carried on the back of a turtle, when he knew nothing of the fundamental, physical, chemical law, when he knew nothing about his own body, did not even know that his own blood circulated, did not even understand what today is the common knowledge and property of even the illiterate, man started another quest and when Copernicus opened up the suggested area of a cosmos, then man dreamed again, and down through the centuries, revolution, bloodshed, protest, agony, death—century after century a physical world at his feet, a spiritual world unborn. Still he must eat, he must keep warm in winter, he must project his kind, and in this great panorama of man's development gradually, with the application of science, he was able to build, construct on the physical foundations of his physical conquest an enlargement of his own physical needs and the gratification of his own nature. Soon he was flying, soon he was traveling under the water, soon he was whispering and being heard around the world, soon he found electronic energy, but before any of these things he had found the imperative of FREEDOM, and soon the flames of an American revolution made a glow in the sky which with its beauty of lurid color flashed upon the vision of the French, and the French Revolution was born, and man felt again the imperatives of all this pressure of an unutterable articulation by which he could build a safe and a beautiful world. But always, every little while throughout more than thirty-three centuries, there came this awful last resort—WAR—and soon he was leaping at the throats and at the bowels of his fellowmen, and each one became more ghastly, and each became more extensive as he was able to make an application of the principle of the destruction of human life that his own immediate ancestors had never even dreamed or envisaged. Somehow, along the way, all that he had thought and been and done and said and accomplished, the continents he had discovered, all the islands, all, all, all that might have been used as the medium and tools in the hands of man to create an integrated world society, fell from his hands when he seized bayonets and guns and set the microscope and the telescope, the economist, the statesman, and the diplomat aside and said: "You have all failed, your brains have become twisted, you have all failed, there is but one answer: DEATH! We will begin the killing, everything else failed!"

Man at last is about to begin the killing; killing on a scale of death that no previous mind could comprehend—it has begun! *THE INVASION IS ON!* It has started, and from the three corners of the fortress of the steel-bound citadel of Germany the onslaughts will increase every hour from now on until the moment of decision. *MAN IN THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!*

Now, every one of us, not only in this country but in every other country of the world, understand and deeply appreciate, I think, the inevitable character of the conflict; we know that

at whatever sacrifice it must be done now. No use looking at yesterday and emphasizing its mistakes; no use shouting from the housetops condemnations against men or nations: that is not efficacious now. Whatever these next few weeks and months, and probably years, may bring to this earth, there will be a day when every bayonet will be stacked, every battleship will ride at anchor, every submarine will be surfaced, and every bomber grounded and man will begin all over again—*THAT WILL BE AMERICA'S HOUR OF GREATNESS!* Then we shall have to answer, in that post-war moment. What of the proddings of the mind of John Calvin and Friedrich Nietzsche that in spite of all the philosophy, art, science, government, economics, and everything else, man has within himself only a nature so animal, so human, really so vile, that there is no progress, that it is a delusion; that all of the dreams and hopes are dipped in warm human blood and that it is mocking blood, filthy blood, just to mock us; and that it is an answer to that twenty-year old aviator falling out of the sky with his bowels wrapped around the propeller of his plane—that he died for nothing. That's what they would pound into our minds, those who believe with Calvin and associate with Nietzsche that our own natures are imprisoned natures in a vicious vise we never can break; that we can dream of beauty and have visions of goodness and search for truth and then every little while we enter the slaughter-house again, and Calvin has said, "There is no cure for that," and Nietzsche has pounded it into the intelligent youth of the universities of Europe that man is ever a prisoner, ever in jail, ever bounded by passions and feelings and emotions of hate, of envy, of covetousness; that we have pride and because we have all of these things we are in jail and there will be no progress, no future for us except death, Death, DEATH! Rising on your highest hopes you are dashed from your lofty pedestal of idealism by the realities of your own nature that haunt you and say to you: "You are incapable of creating a world! Look at the chances you have had; your culture, your education, art, music, your ease and comfort, everything, and *YOU WERE NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR IT, YOU WERE STILL LITTLE AND SMALL, AND SELFISH AND MEAN,* and so you will pay, and pay, and pay, and pay, and your dreams will be nightmares, they will mock you, and the lightning hosts of hell led by the fiend of failures of men's hopes will haunt you! Man, you have not the capacity to build a world!" That is what Calvin said and what Nietzsche said, and then the inevitable portrayal of final doom sounds its sordid notes and the hearts of women break and the breasts of men heave with a sigh of incompetency!

A black, dismal picture, is it not, and yet I hear it every day; I heard it last night; I heard it on Friday evening on my way to Marquette, and Ishpeming; I heard it coming back, from the conductor, from the taximan, from you, from the deluded, frustrated, cynical people: "We will have it all to do over again. In 25, 30 or 50 years, some nations will be at each others' throats again trying to drown each other in their own blood."

My dear friends, my beloved Church, the thing we need most for that post-war world that shall dawn in its beginning on the morning of that Armistice Day is a deepening, predicated, analysed faith that we can, all of us, have our morality sensitized by the present tragedy through which we are passing and the weeks and months of agony and fear and hesi-

tancy through which the world will go in the next few months,—sensitized with a new conception of morality, and what is that, for post-war? If I could find a way in the seriousness of my thought of this morning, and with it the validity, to diagnose a sick world; if I only had the power; if I only had the opportunity! I listen to these voices on the radio, I hear these commentators; I have been listening to these programs, I hear the speeches of the speakers; I hear the confused voices on the radio of the politicians, I hear the portrayals and the building of personalities against personalities; I see the emanations of a tragic and a bewildering lack of knowledge on the part of men who may be delegates to the highest elective office in the world; I see mediocrity powerful, *POWERFUL MEDIOCRITY!* I see people of the nations being herded into mass formation like sheep through the headlines of newspapers and through the mediocrity of leadership—*MY AMERICA!* —until some days I covet the opportunity—I cannot tell you the depth of that covetousness—I wish I could write it in letters of gold across the sky of America; I wish the smallest, the most inferior, broken, ugly home resting on stilts in the Kentucky mountains, and the palatial mansion draped in its tapestries, with its expensive rugs, its silver, its ease. . . . I wish from the great Catholic Cathedral to the humblest little white meeting house that dots a village street. . . . I wish America, in this great hour, when America's daughters and sons are a part of the conflict, I wish we could be bigger than we have ever been in our past—and we have been great—I wish that we could rise with such an ascendancy into such heights of our rendezvous with destiny that we — America — might be the light by which to enlighten the dark places of the earth! Perhaps God intended America for that! Man suspicious; hating man because he is yellow, or black; man with his tears and his heartaches, with *AMERICA THE HOPE OF ALL THE WORLD!*

Oh, that I might say something! That I might be something! That I might do something that would inspire this nation to take its place in that post-war moment that I know is potential in the hearts of the nation. What would I say? I would mention the most sacred thing in the world—*HUMAN PERSONALITY!* The greatest need for the post-war world is to put man, humanity . . . not dollars, we have tried that and it failed; not high buildings, we have tried those and they failed; not bigness, we have tried bigness and it failed; not position, not wealth, they failed. Let America say to the world in that hour: *OUR GREATNESS IS IN OUR DEVOTION TO THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE! RECAPTURE A SENSE OF HUMAN VALUE AS FOUND IN THE SACREDNESS OF THE HUMAN PERSONALITY AND PUT MAN, MAN, MAN. . . . HEAR ME! PUT MAN ABOVE DOLLARS AND BUILDINGS AND THINGS! PUT MAN ABOVE POLITICAL PARTIES! PUT MAN ABOVE CREEDS! AND ABOVE ALL, PUT MAN ABOVE THE STATE AND RESTORE THE CONFIDENCE THAT IS BORN DEEP IN EVERY HUMAN SOUL THAT MAN IS THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD!*

Do you remember they said: "Master, tell us who will be the greatest in the Kingdom of God. Master, my rank entitles me to sit at your right hand. Master, I am learning. Master, who will be the greatest in the King-

dom of God?" Do you remember the answer? A little child was passing by and the Master said to the little child, "Come here, sonny, sit on my knee a moment." They looked aghast as He said: "See, gentlemen, except ye become like one of these, ye shall not enter the kingdom."

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

LET THE ETERNAL HEAL THEE

It is a very difficult thing to live victoriously in a world that is smashing and crashing all about us; for an individual to live a life of integration and constructiveness when the whole atmosphere of their home is antagonistic to the realization of their ideal.

Don't try to encompass all the ocean at once. Take as much of the ocean as you can experience—take as much of the truth as you can articulate in intelligent comprehension. When the soul makes the next step forward in its evolution toward the oversoul, then the full implications of the Sense of the Eternal will be ours. Don't try to prove the eternal. Live as though the Eternal swept through your whole being.

Infinite Heart, let the spirit of worship, of love, of healing be spread abroad over all the earth in this hour wherever there are broken hearts and lonely lives in these tragic and difficult days. Our dependency is upon Thee and Thou hast never yet been known to fail Thy people; it is upon Thee that we lean. Let Thy love shine through the fog and the mist that hangs above us all. "Thy light, O Lord, send down."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Summer Address of

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley

Tower, Minn.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

"WHAT does life mean?" That is a universal question. I suppose it is a question that is asked of me more than any other single question, and it is most frequently asked in the midst of some great trouble, of some great calamity or failure, of some great sorrow, of some great illness, of some great difficulty or tragedy. It was asked only yesterday when I stood beside an open grave. One who had suffered deep loss turned to me and said the very words with which I started this editorial, "Dr. Bradley, what does this life mean?" In moments like that—and who has not had such moments—the question does assume very vital proportions.

I have heard men who have done very well in the business world, who have put their best initiative, their fine judgments, their understanding of economic and industrial ideals, who have poured into their business a lifetime of legitimate effort, and then have seen some great emergency bring disaster, and the thing they have given their lives to has become all at once a broken and desolate thing, and they have turned to me and have said: "What is the use? What does life mean?"

I have seen a mother who has gone down to the very chilly waters of death that out from under her heart she might give to the world a daughter to whom she had given the depths of love. I have seen that daughter ripen into womanhood; I have seen her develop into life, and I have seen her become a source of anguish and a spectacle of tragedy in the eyes of that mother; and that mother has come to me in the helplessness of her disillusionment, when love had poured its years into the heart of the life; she has come to me in the helplessness of her disillusionment and she has used this question again: "Dr. Bradley, what does life mean?"

I have seen a father with the eyes of worship look at the son who bore his name, and I have seen him watch this boy through his years in high school and the university. I have seen him thrill to the fact that he was his boy and that he was to be of some

value to the world, and then came the tragedy. That boy that was the dream of his youth, who sat upon his knee and whose heart beat against his own heart in the early days of that boy's youth, and who saw him march proudly away to his school with his books under his arm, laughter in his heart and joy in his eyes, with the outlook of youth towards the future, and I have seen that father sit in the courtroom and see that boy brought in with others about him, and amid the disillusionment that came to that father's heart as his brain seemed to snap, he has turned to me and said: "Dr. Bradley, what does life mean?"

And now, when the finest specimens of our manhood and womanhood are marching off to the outposts of the world—when the young manhood and womanhood of the world is in the maelstrom of the world's hate—when parents' hearts are being torn with anguish —in their pain and their grief, the question still is today: "What does life mean?"

What is life? What is the motivation that, when bodies are broken, still clings to life? When hearts are broken, still clings to joy? When tragedy is everywhere, still hopes for life? When winter settles, still dreams of spring? When clouds obscure the sky, still dreams of sunlight? What is this thing in life that does that?

Well, it is all very largely a personal matter. Each of you must ask that question yourself, and you must find your answer yourself. What does life mean? As I see it, in the first place, life cannot mean anything if you are just living it for yourself. I don't know what meaning life can have for you if only your own interests are concerned.

If life only means to you the gratification of self, then I am quite willing to grant to you the pessimistic belief that there is nothing to life. Yes, I am quite willing to admit that life has no meaning, if the only thing that concerns you is your own well-being, your own safety, your own security, your own pleasure. If it is your own appetite that is continually asking for appeasement; if it is your own little comforts that are to be considered always, then you are right and life has no meaning for you.

The individual who is supremely selfish in life can find no meaning to life. The greatest utterance—and it was a paradox—that the gentle poet of Nazareth ever made was this: "He that loseth his life shall find it, and he that saveth his life shall lose it." In that sentence is the key that will unlock the philosophical meaning of life to every mind in intellectual obscurity and every heart in emotional confusion. There will be found the meaning and there will it be found alone.

I am always interested in observing those who are tremendously interested in a mere intellectualization of life, to discover sometimes that their philosophy as to whether life has any meaning or not, is very largely determined by what they have done for life. You cannot read meaning into anything until it has become vitally a part of your personality. Truth cannot be apprehended merely in the abstract. The mere abstract virtues, goodness or truth or beauty, are somewhat meaningless until they are transcended into personal experience. To make a generalization merely in the realm of philosophy, the good, the true and the beautiful, these are abstracts and as such abstracts do not make any great appeal for understanding to the mind until they have been translated, transcended and transformed by the introduction of the personal experience. It is only as the person knows good from experience that the philosophy of the good has power upon his life. It is only

through the cultivation of the artistic sensitiveness, so that the unfoldment of the beautiful through the intellect is made real and gives us an ideal in matters of personal experience, that we know what beauty is. The same thing is true about truth.

Truth is supreme when made pragmatic in human experience. It is all right to know it as a principle, but it is of little importance until it becomes practical. It is all right to have an understanding of some of these things in a purely philosophical and intellectual way, so that we can sit down and discuss them for hours at a time, but the only real value to be found in them is when we leave all our discussions and go out into the world and put them into practice. P. B.

Influence of the Out-of-Doors

HAVE you ever stopped to think that of the millions and millions and millions of raindrops that have fallen from out of the sky, there were never two raindrops the same? The generic design of every raindrop is different; and the same is true, too, of a snowflake. And then think of the millions and millions of sunsets that this old world has had, and in all the millions there have never been two sunsets just alike. The infinite variety of Nature!

In the presence of these facts, to me there is no greater philosophical folly than the philosophical folly of atheism. To stand in the presence of a universe like this and think of it as self-existent and self-creative is, to my humble way of thinking, the height of folly.

As we go into the literature of the nations of the past and the cultural development of mankind, we are face to face with some very significant and most interesting observations. The most important character for the perpetuity of culture is the artist, the individual who is able to take and so interpret through his creativeness the fundamental reality of Nature, that after he has embellished it with his own genius and tinctured it with the divine nature of his own personality, we are able to see significantly on canvas, or through the beauty of the interpretation of music, or through the artistry of the spoken word, some verification of loveliness, or some secret of beauty that would have been denied us without the artist, and without the interpreter, and it leads me to this general deduction which may be only a partial truth, but I think of sufficient vitality to warrant consideration, that the real preserver of the very best in civilization is always the artist. Everything else is transitory and finally unimportant.

When we go back across the history of the cultures of the world, we discover how significant is the contribution that these have made to our happiness, to our peace and to our program of life. We look out into the field of literature, and what would there be left if we were to take out of literature every reference to the world of Nature? Deplete Shakespeare—and he is perhaps one of the poorest illustrations that I might select in connection with my thesis—take out of Shakespeare all that he has to say and interpret about the field of Nature and the out-of-doors, and the barren brutality of most of his plots, particularly in the tragedies, would be of such a character that they would be unac-

that would never survive over three or four generations.

The same is true in the field of art. Supposing we were to take out of the field of art—I am speaking more particularly of painting—everything that was inspired by these elemental realities of the out-of-doors, and what would you have left worth preserving or of sufficient vitality that it could project itself into the future artistic consciousness of the race?

In the field of music as well, what would you have left, if you took out of the field of music that creative artistry and artistic interpretation that comes to the sensitive heart of the composer from the flash of a light in the skies, the beauty of a moonlit beam as it flows out of its cold surface through miles of space to be the inspiration of some wounded heart on a moonlit trail? What would Beethoven have done without moonlight for his sonata? What would he have done without the inspiration of Nature for the symphonies? What about those minor harmonies, that are superficially discord, and Chopin's Nocturnes, without the inspiration of the rainy nights of this poetic gentleman who strolled about his little city in Poland beaten by the storm, the storm of the sky and of his heart? It blended together in utter loveliness to give us the weird beauty of the Nocturne.

What about the Greeks? They were fundamentally not lovers of, nor did they appreciate, the out-of-doors as compared to some peoples of the world, and yet, standing in the presence of the Gothic columns contributed by Greek architecture, the folds of the Greek columns and the Doric columns of all classic buildings influenced by the Greek tradition in architecture were all suggested to that early Greek builder by the folds of white snow that the blizzard laid in desolate loveliness as it swept across the area of his vision, and when he saw the folded columns of drifted snow, it suggested to him the beauty of the Greek column. Wherever this architecture is used among the cilivized nations of the world, they are indebted beyond expression to the influences of Nature.

When you go into a home that is surrounded by beautiful trees or gardens or by shrubbery, look out of the window, you who love the out-of-doors. Every window is the frame of a perfect picture. Every square of window glass held up to nature, between the vision of the eye and the outline of the square, frames a perfect picture; and there is very little, if anything which the artist has to do to that picture to rearrange its compositional importance, in order to more properly authenticate it as a work of art. To me, it is most significant that we can square off any background of the out-of-doors and obtain a perfect work of art. While you could not take out of Greek literature, without permanently impairing it, any of the contributions of the ancient Greeks, still we know that it has been said that with the Greeks the love of Nature was secondary and not primary. Any Greek student will portray for you with interesting dynamics the thunders of the Illiad scenes; and anyone who knows Greek and Ulysses and the siege of Troy can hear the pounding of the water against the prow of Ulysses' ship as sailing yonder upon the seas he ceptable even as a form of entertainment. Take out of the literature of any culture of the world, German culture, Italian culture, certainly Scandinavian culture, and surely American culture—take out of them all references which the interpreter, inspired by the creative realities of Nature, has brought to the field of literature, and you have a denuded, barren, ugly thing

meets that great experience of the Odyssey.

What is true of a secondary love of the ancient Greek, is still more significantly true of the ancient Hebrew. There is the place where we find the influence and understanding of Nature transferred over into human values such as nowhere else in the world. What would happen to the greatest piece of dramatic literature in the world in any language, namely, The Book of Job, if we were to take out of it all out-of-door influences? No scholar will tell you who wrote the Book of Job. The life and personality of that unknown writer we have lost in the obscurity of the centuries, but his work lives and endures. He was one of the first writers of any civilization to classify the influence of the stars over the soul of man. You remember in that striking sentence, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Star dreams of this ancient dramatist! Do you know, too, that there is mentioned Arcturus, the star whose light was the motivation for the glow and beauty of our Century of Progress a few years ago? Arcturus' influence was mentioned there in those far-off days of Hebrew culture and Hebrew associations.

The Hebrew built no buildings; he was pastoral and nomadic. The Hebrew created no architecture. There is no architecture in the world today of the Hebrew. He was never a scientist in that far-off culture, but the Hebrew touched the very foundation of social and moral value, and out of that real fundamental understanding of those social and moral values the mind of man finally found its way to the monotheistic philosophy of life, and it was—let us never forget—from the top of a mountain that a man cried, "I have found Him!" From the mountain peak!

Let's Learn From Nature

IF YOU go down through the history and culture of the world, you will find that the further removed humanity is from the elemental beauty and moral rectitude of the world of Nature, the more disastrously does humanity develop in society the falsity that ever results from a superficial, pseudo, diletant culture, and the softness which comes from the superrefinements of much of our modern civilization, found evidences of its moral deterioration in the awful spectacle of moral collapse which settled down upon the world.

You cannot violate a law of Nature without being penalized for it, and if men could learn that in the moral codes of life, then honor, integrity, honesty, old fashioned virtues would be substituted for the cleverness of lawyers to keep clients inside the law, and we would have a different economic and industrial and social order throughout the world. Every time I meet a two-by-four mind, I find it a cloistered mind that sits around the fire or by the stove. It is a mind that wants to be out of the draft, that is always withdrawing into itself, the cloistered mind. Every time you get outdoor-minded people you find spaciousness. If I were accused of a criminal act tomorrow and I had anything to do with the drawing of the jury, the first question I would ask a man on the jury would be, "Do

you love to fish?" I would not be interested in his religion, or whether he to trust my life with any man or woman who was fundamentally and ardently a lover of the out-of-doors.

And so the most selfish individual I have ever known is the individual who hates animals. I judge a person on spiritual personality not by their attitude toward each other, but by their attitude toward other forms of life. When a person says to me, "I hate this and I hate that, and what do you want a dog for, or a canary?" I would not have that person around. I have never known a person to have that attitude but what fundamentally, underneath it all, they had a streak of selfishness.

Furthermore, I believe in an out-of-door religion;—the Master had one. The Master never gave, except once, an important philosophical truth under a roof. He never, except once, uttered an imperishable sentence under a roof. He gave his whole message under the sky in the out-of-doors. He was an outdoor-minded type of man and he understood Nature;—nature with its cruelty; and yet, do you know what Nature does with every scar? Have you ever walked down a deer trail in the woods? Not to shoot, because I do not kill. I am not a hunter, but I love the deer, and where I go in the summer I see them come to drink every night. I love the moose and I have seen him feed with his ugly snout under the water reaching for a lily root. I have come onto a moose feeding in the bed of the river and have seen him raise his massive head, shake the water from his snout and stand there glistening in the light, and then, discovering human beings, leap to safety. It is the most beautiful ugly thing that I have seen in my life.

I have watched Nature and I have never seen a tree scarred or a sapling twisted, that Nature did not do her best to cover the wound. She will do her best to grow bark where you scarred her face. Have you ever seen an old log in the cool, fragrant woods, that has been there until it has rotted? What happens? Nature covers it up with beautiful moss, and then sometimes through the moss, the first voice to whisper to you the love-song of spring will be the hepatica on the log.

Why cannot we learn from Nature? Look at us. What do we do with our scars? How often we try to keep the scar open by saying unkind things about each other and being critical and tearing each other to pieces and attacking one another, and doing all that sort of thing. We fight each other, we lie about each other, we criticize each other; we keep the wounds of life open—Nature never does. She does her best to heal them up. Let us try that, too.

When I was out to Star Island, off the coast of New Hampshire several years ago they told me this story: Late one fall night, off that rockbound coast, a terrific storm came up, and a ship was sighted in great difficulty, floundering out on the rocks. The Coast Guards were commanded by an elderly Captain who had seen much service in that part of the Atlantic seaboard. He had in his crew some younger men. They came down the shore with their boat, looked out over the sea and at the violence of the storm—and this, to me, is a powerful thing: They looked at the sea, and one of the younger men said to the old Captain: "Captain, do you not know that the tide is going out, that there is a north breeze and the wind is deepening. If we leave this shore tonight that tide and wind will drive us out to sea." The old Captain turned to him and said: "Young man, we are going. We do not have to come back."

My Lamp

But when the shadows of the night begin,
And sifted sunlight falls no more on me,
May I have learned to light my lamp within;
So that the passing world may look and see
Still the same radiance, though with paler hue,
Of the sweet lives that help men to live true.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

BOOK CHATS

THE unprecedented widespread interest in the religious novel is indicative and symptomatic. Novels with a religious theme are now on every best-seller list of every city in the nation, and as long ago as last March I predicted that "Blessed Are The Meek," by Zofia Kossak, which was the April Book-of-the-Month Club selection, would become one of the most widely read books of the past decade. The author was born in Wolhyn, on the Eastern border of Poland, in 1890. Her family background is well known for its artistic character. Julius Kossak, her grandfather, was a great Polish painter. Her cousin, Wojciech Kossak, has a reputation as a painter, particularly of battle scenes and portraits, while his two daughters, Magdalena Samozwaniec and Maria Pawlikowska, are poets, and his son George is following the father as a painter. For generations this family has evi-

denced artistic ability. Zofia Kossack's father, Tadeusz Kossak, was a Major in the Polish cavalry and after leaving the service became a tenant of an estate at Skowrotski, where the author spent her girlhood and early youth. Here in this remote village she lived through those desperate years of 1917 and '19. Zofia Kossak began her writing at a very early age. Her first book, "The Blaze," was against the background of life in Eastern Poland, at the beginning of the century. Not only after its publication in 1923 did it achieve great recognition in Poland, but it was also translated into English and French. Her prolific pen soon produced many novels, short stories and books for children. In 1932 she received the Silesian literary prize for her novel "The Unknown Land." Other books which she has published include "Golden Freedom," "The Unknown Land," "The Present Day," "The Crusaders" and now this great novel "Blessed Are the Meek."

She was compelled to leave Silesia at the time of the German occupation and went to Warsaw. Her husband today, if alive, is in a ghastly German concentration camp while she, who has been driven from Silesia, lives under the Nazi foot in Warsaw. Since Russia now occupies her home in Eastern Poland, she faces the tragic consequence of being made a naturalized alien in her own country, one of the strange results and tragedies of war.

"Blessed Are the Meek" is an historical novel, written in the finest and best tradition, against the background of one of the most tumultuous and exciting periods of all history. In Rome, Pope Pius III was suffering anguish at the thought of the Holy Sepulchre still in infidel hands. All over France and Italy there was a deluge of superstition, turmoil and chaos. To Rome comes the gentle Francis of Assisi and a devoted band, preaching in utter loveliness and simplicity a new gospel of love, seeking the Pope's approval for the new rule, the order of the Brothers Minor. To Rome also comes the noble Jean de Brienne of France, who has been ordered to Palestine to marry the young child-queen Marie, and become the King of Jerusalem, leaving behind him the great love of his life, Blanche, Countess of Champagne. Outside of Rome there wanders a strange figure, who gathers about him thousands of children, pure of heart, on the promise that they will rescue the Holy Land, and then gain the victory for Christendom which their sinful elders failed to achieve. Although the novel revolves about the character of Saint Francis, he is presented not as belonging merely to his age and against the throbbing and vital life of his own tense years, but against all ages and all times.

It is a contribution not only to history, but to literature, and belongs in the category of great novels.

* * *

There seems to be no end of the novels with the religious motif and indeed there ought not to be. Never in the history of American publishing have there been so many individuals using religious characters and religious backgrounds as we are having at the present time. Some of them are written with notable literary excellence, namely, "The Song of Bernadette" and "Blessed Are the Meek." And now we have another entitled "The Brother," written by Dorothy Clarke Wilson and published by The Westminster Press.

Many novels have been written around the character of Christ, but so far as I know this is the first work of fiction to use James, the broth-

er of Christ, as the central figure. Dorothy Clarke Wilson wrote a play about the family of Jesus, and in doing research work she became interested in the character of his brother, James.

Undoubtedly James was associated with Christ longer and had much more intimate knowledge of him, than probably any other person. It is almost inexplicable that so little is known of James, and the authorities do not agree about what is known. A half dozen sentences in the New Testament is the extent of our information. At the outset he apparently was out of sympathy with the purposes of his brother, the Christ, but through the years there came a definite change in his attitude and in the book of the Acts we find him wholly devoted and loyal to his brother's cause, and he ultimately occupied the highest position of authority in the new church and was to suffer a martyr's death. Dorothy Clarke Wilson has written of these transitional years in the life of James, and the book vividly, dramatically and of necessity imaginatively draws a portrait of the kind of man James must have been and the influences which, for more than thirty years, gradually brought the dramatic climax of unreserved acceptance and belief in the divine mission of his brother.

This is a work of fiction and, as in all works of historical fiction, the author fills in the gaps with her own conjectures and interpretations. She has captured the mood of the historical setting and writes with poetic charm and strength. Macaulay says that history is the fact to find the principle, and fiction is the principle to find the fact. As a historical novel of a difficult period this book is a definite achievement. Its greatest value is in the spiritual overtones which echo with inspiring emphasis all the way through. One closes the book with a finer appreciation of the struggles in the minds and hearts of the contemporaries of the Master to realize even a fraction of the full significance of His message for human souls in every age and for all time.

I should classify it as devotional literature, without any sentimental and insipid platitudes. The author seems to me to have achieved one of the primary requisites of good novel writing and that is, fidelity and accuracy in characterization. Her characters are etched with creative skill and impressions of them remain with vividness and clarity. The book will be of special interest to Bible students, but taken as a fictional work will have a wide appeal to the general reader who demands literary excellence, fine diction, accurate portrayal, and interesting plot in the novels he chooses to read. Its historical value is determined by knowing when history ends and fiction begins, but the accumulative result upon the reader is one which gives a deeper appreciation of the work and influence of Christ and the spiritual development of his brother James.

* * *

The reading interest in books with religious themes has reached a new all-time high. The interesting and significant thing from the standpoint of literary merit and distinction is that most of the books dealing with some phase of religion are written well and possess literary distinction. They are not by any means the so-called platitudinous, bromidic type of inspirational books. They meet the demands which those who appreciate and know good literature require. "Blessed Are the Meek" and "The Song of Bernadette" are examples of what I mean.

In preparation for Religious Book Week in May of this year the National Conference of Jews and Christians

which organization suggested the idea of a religious book week several years ago, asked the Jewish group, the Roman Catholic group, the Protestant group and the Good Will group to submit a list of what each considers the finest religious books of the year. Each of these groups also made a special classification of books of interest to young people. After going carefully over the list I became convinced that no effort was made to choose those books which were obviously meant to be propaganda books for the particular group. They have a much wider and deeper appeal than that. Every book on the entire list could be read with advantage and with beneficial results by the members of all of the groups.

Interest in religious books predicates a renewal of interest in the more fundamental values of life, for religion has to do with those values. From among the books listed I wish to call your attention to a very recent book entitled "The Listening Post," by Thomas B. Morgan. Mr. Morgan has represented the United Press in Rome for a great many years. Although he is non-catholic, in his early youth and the beginning of his newspaper days in Pittsburgh, he had the opportunity of association with the Roman Catholic hierarchy, so that it naturally followed that after his experience as a war correspondent in 1917 and 1918 he should be sent to Rome. There he remained for eighteen years.

This unbroken record of close contacts with all of the diplomatic affairs of the Vatican has enabled him to write one of the most illuminating and interpretive books dealing with the Vatican and world affairs. In fact, it is essential if we are to understand many factors now at work in the effort to re-build a world of decency and one which respects the human personality, to know this book. It brings light to many difficult and intricate situations about which those who do not have true information are apt to form entirely erroneous conclusions and opinions. His reports are of deep historical significance and importance and cannot help but create among all people a better understanding and a clearer conception of the difficult yet strategic position which the Pontiff holds today as the head of a great church functioning all over the world. I endorse it wholeheartedly and recommend it without reservation.

* * *

Once in awhile there comes my way a book that stimulates my enthusiasm to the extent that I wish every person I know could read it. Such a book is one of only 128 pages entitled "The Return," by Margaret Rhodes Peattie. It attempts to solve no post-war problems, is not a treatise on peace or war, has nothing to do with economics, government or religion. The story could happen and, in fact, will happen in every city, village and hamlet of this nation one of these days. It is written with such simplicity and nobility of expression, that each character stands out like an exquisite etching, and yet skillfully blended into the pattern of the whole scene. The book is a vision, a prophecy, a hope.

While the scene is laid in a New England town, it will be enacted in every American town, north, east, south and west, for it is the story of a great day—the day that every American is waiting for. The writer has envisaged and almost faultlessly portrayed what will happen on that day when these warrior sons of our come home again.

It is a bright, sunny morning and everyone is up early, restless with anticipation. Old General Sedgwick, the town's most distinguished citizen, is pacing up and down between his clip-

ped hedges, wondering what his new Irish daughter-in-law will think of the big old house under the elms, for his soldier son married in Ireland and is bringing his young bride home. Down on merchant's row, Sarah Jessup has dressed the new baby to greet his father, a son the father has never seen. This scene, too, will be duplicated myriads of times on that bright day of peace. And there's Angela Petrillo, brooding over her Sicilian heritage, wishing that she, too, belonged to the soil of New England. And again, there is the State Senator, Aldous Jones, who before his family, and critical family it is, is practicing his speech of welcome which he has been asked to deliver on the great day.

Young girls take a last look in the mirror, mothers slowly and somewhat slyly open the oven door to see how the apple pies are getting along. Grandparents are full of hope, and all the villagers in this little town begin to drift down to the railroad station:—it is almost time for the morning train; for this day the war is really over—over for them and for every American family—the day the boys are coming home. This little book is the first I have seen that attempts to create the atmosphere and the scene which will be enacted throughout all our blessed land.

The book is written with an exquisite touch of fineness. It is an etching. Her description of the morning is in phrases of simple and enduring beauty: "The sun rose like a blaring trumpet in a cloudless sky." . . . "The circle of mountains standing at attention shouted with color." . . . "Window shades snapped open like eyelids. Curious glances upward from the windows asked the sky what kind of a day it would be. Men in pajamas and women who had slept restlessly in curlers came out on the porches and hung out flags; red, white and blue with a pocketful of stars; here and there a Union Jack" . . . "Outside the doorway to the laundryman's basement, a yawning Chinaman put out a green dragon on a yellow field to keep company with the Stars and Stripes. For the men of Barlow were coming home, home over the seven seas from Australia and India; up from the swamps of Burma and the dragging of tired feet across the heavy sands of Africa; they were coming in over the clacking rails from the taking of Africa and their triumphant marches through war-torn Europe. Home with their wounds and their glory; their weariness and their pride; their bitter disillusionment, longings, failures; their undefeated courage intact; home at last to hearthstone and a long rest on the deep bosom of love. Those townspeople who were old enough to know what it was all about and were able to stand were out of bed by six a. m. . . . The sick and the old were decked in shawls, propped up and pushed to the windows and there left to see what they could." And then on into the most delightful incidents and episodes of the little village, the people who make it, and the boys who were coming back to it. If you are a little weary of the noise and shouting, the confusion and chaos, propaganda and hatred, read this little book. It will be like good music and the presence of a friend.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

DEAR Friends:

When the Fourth of July has passed Summer seems to race along in an incredible way. Overcast skies greeted the Fourth, although rain did not fall until evening. We have had little else but rain since the unseasonable summer weather in May, and the oldest resident hereabouts has never seen Lake Vermilion so high.

We went in to Tower the morning of the Fourth, as has been the custom these many years. Dr. Bradley had as usual been invited to make the annual address in the High School auditorium, which the people of this community await eagerly to hear. We arrived in time to see the parade on its way to the school—the band—the veterans—American Legion members —citizens—school children, etc., the main interest focussing on a group—ten or twelve of "our boys" from this locality home on furlough—marching for the first time on their home town streets as soldiers in a Fourth of July parade! Four departments of service were represented—A r m y—N a v y—Marines and Air Force. One soldier walked with a limp—and we realized "Bill" had come home for the Fourth after many months in foreign and American hospitals, one leg having been shattered in Italy. We couldn't help the moisture in our eyes that obliterated the scene for a few moments as these boys passed us—they were leaving the next day for their respective camps—and Bill returns to a government hospital.

There was a large crowd in the school auditorium that greeted Dr. Bradley with tremendous applause and arose to its feet to honor him when he was introduced. They listened with rapt attention to his address which was, as always, timely and inspiring. Hope burns in every heart that next Fourth of July will be a truly "glorious" one, with Victory won and the star of Peace shining over us!

* * *

I am going to give you from our Mail Bag today, a letter received from a gold-star mother in our church, and written to her by her daughter-in-law. The courage, fortitude and fine philosophy of this young woman is quite remarkable, and will, I think, be a valuable message to other young wives to whom the dreaded message has come—"Killed in action"—and to other mothers whose boys will not return. Mrs. Formanek, who sent the letter to us for perusal, has kindly consented to our publishing it in this column, with the hope it may be helpful to others:

"Dear Mother: I have sort of a strange philosophy—I live and breathe and walk and talk always with the idea in my mind: 'Is this the way George wants me to do it?' I find that that way I can do a lot of things I never could have done otherwise. I know, for example, that I never would have been able to force myself to work except that I knew George would expect me to—and I would feel that I was sort of letting him down if I didn't.

"This business of emotion is a range thing—and I know that no two people ever loved each other more than George and I—but there were those who questioned it because I didn't cry when the ship left—I was the only dry-eyed wife standing on the dock. Sure—I cried inside, like all the rest of them—but George always told me that he didn't want me to cry; those emotions that we feel for each other are ours—and not to be taken out and shown to other people; and we don't have to show them because we KNOW them—and we FEEL them —and so he always wanted me to smile; he wanted to think about the last time he'd seen me and think of me as smiling—and so when the ship left I smiled.—And he sat cockily on the wing of a plane on the flight deck and he smiled back—waved his arm gaily and then disappeared below decks.

"Thank God for that smile—I can never forget it—and I can always cherish it—hat pushed back at a jaunty angle on his dark hair, a slight sun tan that made his white teeth look whiter in that broad, inimitable grin—and the gay, confident wave of the arm that was like saying 'I'm going to work now, but I'll be right back—have dinner waiting when I get home.'

"We agreed on that philosophy—maybe it's wrong—the introverts only hurt themselves—but I can't change.

"George always had the highest idealistic standards for you and for me and for all of us—and I couldn't betray those ideals, and I know that you couldn't either.

"I'll always remember that George wanted to go back to combat action because he thought he had a contribution to make to getting the war over with—and he knew that more lives would be saved by shortening the war than by any kind of program or policy that might be initiated during the progress of the war. And because that feeling was so strong as to take him away from a home that he loved—I know that I can't do anything but try my best to follow his suit. This is not a thought or an idea—it's a feeling. It's diffiicult to try to say what we think—it's even more difficult to try to express the things we feel—the things that are emotions and are stronger than any idea of mind alone; and so I don't know whether I've successfully shown you what I mean—but I know you'll understand it—not from what I say about it, but because you feel it, too. And when the boys come home to stay—we won't be bitter though our hearts may bleed. Instead, we'll be proud inside—because we'll know that a few of those boys are getting home because of what George did and what I did—to end the war.

"I'm sure that you have not lost courage—the very thought of George's indomitable courage would lend some to you.

"My deepest love and affection—always—Florence."

* * *

Once or twice before I have quoted letters from May Ferguson of Belvidere, Illinois. She is a cripple and has been confined in her bed over forty years. She lives alone in a tiny house—like a doll's house, it seems, it is so sweet and tidy! Neighbors who adore her take care of her. Everyone who knows her, young or old, loves her, and it is a spiritual inspiration to call on her. I have told you before she is a saint! Children on their way to school come to her bedroom window to smile a greeting and wave their hands —youths going into the service of their country did not neglect to bid her goodbye—they have been her friends

through their school days—she calls them "My Boys"—she writes to them —prays for them—loves them with the tenderness of her mother heart. This letter of recent date is an added proof of her saintly character. She who cannot even walk to her window says: "But still, as I look out upon a world so full of beauty I thank God I can live today!" Over forty years of painful living for her little body—and never a complaint. The world is beautiful and life good—her faith is supreme! I give you her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Each Sunday as I am with you (in front of my radio) I always wish I might personally tell you all your very marvelous service does for me! You have given so much that is inspiring and helps one *so very much* to live better these sad days!

"And now each morning at 7:45 I hear your voice in your interesting and fine broadcast. This A.M. I was so glad you spoke of our small sacrifice—we each have *far more* than we need —oh, let us not *ever* complain—let us ever be so grateful we live in a Land of Peace—no bombs—*no* starving children—or homes gone! We need thank God daily for so many rich blessings —all we have to enjoy!

"When I think of 'My Boys' over there (and they write me) with so much courage—even if homesick they *marvelously* carry on!—I feel ashamed to ever utter one complaint. I've three now in prison—can only get mail from one. Four are not ever coming back—have so bravely given their lives!

"We pray for Peace! Surely some day we again can live with less anxiety! 'Be still and know that I am God.'

"You are so busy, Dr. Bradley—please do not overdo—*we need you so!* You little know what great good you are doing daily! I shall regret to have the four Sundays go by now till church closes, for you are my *one* inspiration. I never miss *one* broadcast. I long to write you each time.

"The long winter has not been very kind to me, but still, as I look out upon a world *so* full of Beauty, I thank God —I can live today!

"I sincerely hope Mrs. Bradley is improving and will get well and strong this summer. Give her my love. Oh, so much I'd like to say about your splendid talks and sermons if I could. And I hope not to neglect telling you what it has meant to me for so many years, or add my 'bit' for radio. Sincerely, May L. Ferguson."

* * *

We acknowledge with appreciation the poem sent by Mrs. Lucile Davis, used on the cover of this August number. The following note enclosed the poem:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I listen to your program every morning on WLS, as I prepare my two little sons for school. It seems no problems I have appear to amount to much after listening to your philosophy. I write a lot, or I should say 'scribble,' and this above, believe me, is from my heart. You are welcome to use it if you care to. Sincerely,

"Lucile Davis."

* * *

With these two quite lengthy letters —so rich in their beauty and philosophical viewpoint, there is not room for more this time.

To all hearts wounded by grief—may they be touched with the wand of healing comfort and strength, and their sorrows softened by their beautiful memories!

Be sure to write us, we appreciate your letters.

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*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

Peoples Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—September to June (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.
June 18th through September 10th—15-minute Sunday Sermon broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—November 5th to Easter ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—September to June ..... 9:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH—September to June ..... 11:00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—November to March ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—September to June ..... 7:30 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—October to May ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—September to June ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—September to June—1219 N. LaSalle Street ..... 8:30 p.m.
Third Sunday each month—Drama Tea ..... 4:00 p.m.
Fourth Sunday each month—Auditions ..... 3:00 p.m.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB—Regular activities October to June
Summer events by notice
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Corr. Sec.
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Summer events by notice
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OMAHA, NEB.—KOIL—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

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ROCHESTER, MINN.—KROC—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday

ALBERT LEA, MINN.—KATE { 9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. / 5:30 p.m.—Sunday

MANKATO, MINN.—KYSM—8:15 p.m. Daily

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